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ANNA and EDGAR:
O R,
LOVE and AMBITION.
A T A L E.

By Mrs RICHMOND INGLIS,
Daughter of Colonel JAMES GARDINER,
who fell at the Battle of Preston, 1745. /

EDINBURGH:
Printed by A. MURRAY and J. COCHRAN.
For the AUTHOR.
Sold by WILLIAM CREECH.
MDCCLXXXI.

[Price 2 s. 6 d.]

ANNA and EDGAR:

OF

LOVE AND AMBITION.

A TALE

By Mrs. RICHMOND INGLES.

Daughter of Colonel James Warburton,

who fell at the Battle of Preston, 1705.

LONDON:

Printed by A. JOHNSON and J. COCHRAN,

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Sold by WILKINSON & CO.

INDICATED

[Price 2s. 6d.]

T O T H E
Q U E E N.

M A D A M,

THE following little performance is not presented as claiming your Majesty's approbation. Did I allow myself, from an idea of its merit, to hope for the countenance of Majesty, and of Majesty adorned with such distinguished discernment and taste, I should be guilty of the greatest presumption.

But I venture, Madam, to indulge a desire of protection from your Royal Name, knowing that in your Majesty's breast the unfortunate ever have a powerful advocate. Hence I am encouraged to
hope,

()

hope, that I shall be pardoned for this intrusion; and the rather, as being the daughter of a gallant foldier, whose services were approved through a long course of years, and who sealed his fidelity to his Sovereign by the sacrifice of his life.

With all the respect and love which
Majesty and Goodness can inspire,
I am,

M A D A M,

YOUR MAJESTY's

Most dutiful,

And devoted Subject,

RICHMOND INGLIS.

ANNA and EDGAR:

O R,

LOVE and AMBITION.

A T A L E.

P A R T I.

ON Avon's bank, all-blooming fair,
The lovely Anna smil'd;
Of old Alcander now the care,
His dear and only child.

Alcander's house, of ancient date,
Was once with fortune blest;
But late mischance obscur'd his state,
And anxious grew his breast.

A

For

For his lov'd Anna were his fears,
 His fairer views o'erthrown,
 When verging to the vale of years,
 And her fond mother gone.

But when he mark'd her height'ning grace,
 He felt bright Hope arise :
 So fair a nymph in form and face
 Scarce shone beneath the skies !

But other hope had Anna's breast;
 Not then ambition there;
 For gentle Edgar it possest,
 He too Alcander's care.

A friend approv'd of many a year
 Did this dear child bequeath;
 Besought his friendly hand to rear,
 Then clos'd his eyes in death.

All

All-beauteous was the infant form,
And manly grace foretold;
The rip'ning hours mature each charm,
And ev'ry grace unfold.

Majestic rose his form to view;
In ringlets wav'd his hair;
Aurora's brightest tinct his hue,
The lily not so fair.

But far his soul superior beam'd;
There sweet affections reign'd;
And ev'ry virtue native seem'd,
By sacred truth maintain'd.

He call'd his Anna sister dear:
And long she lov'd the name;
But love at length inspir'd the fair
A dearer tie to claim.

“ My

“ My Edgar,” (said she one sweet day,
And breath’d a tender sigh),

“ Wilt thou for ever sister say ?

“ No sister sure am I !

“ But fonder, Edgar, fonder much

“ Thy Anna is of thee —

“ O Edgar ! if thy love were such,

“ How happy might we be !”

A crimson blush his face o’erspread ;

He clasp’d her to his breast :

“ O Anna ! thou, delightful maid !

“ Alone canst make me blest.

“ The tender passion which I feel,

“ To thee till now unknown,

“ My honest wish was to conceal

“ Till we in years were grown.

“ But

“ But the sweet love thou hast express’d

“ My first resolve o’erpow’rs ;

“ Sure we shall move thy father’s breast,

“ A breast as soft as ours.”

Thus slid away the days of youth,

In joy too pure to last :

Ah ! days of transport, love, and truth,

Ne’er valued till ye’re past !

And now the youth, by science grac’d,

And rising fast to man,

Alcander prest unto his breast,

And thus his accents ran.

“ My Edgar ! take this sword, (he cry’d),

“ And in thy father’s name :

“ He bade me bind it to thy side

“ When fit occasion came.

B

“ And

“ And tell him, O my friend ! said he,

“ Small fortune his beside ;

“ Let this and virtue fortune be :

“ He spoke, my child, and died.

“ Now, Edgar, the deposit take,

“ And let thy worth be shown ;

“ For Ardolph’s and Alcander’s sake,

“ And, Edgar, for thy own.

“ Our Royal Master sends thee forth,

“ And in a righteous cause ;

“ Thy deeds shall speak thy father’s worth,

“ And gain a King’s applause.

“ But whilst you public plaudit gain,

“ This truth be ever near,

“ ’Tis inward virtue must maintain

“ Approvement far more dear.”

O more than father ! — Edgar thought —

May still thy Edgar prove
Worthy the virtue thou hast taught,
And worthy of thy love.

But struggling griefs his bosom rend ;

His words are half suppressed :

“ O more than father ! guardian — friend —

He could not speak the rest.

Now to the wonted grove he hies,

And finds his Anna there ;

“ O let me dry these streaming eyes,

“ Thou soft enchanting fair !

“ Thou then hast heard the sadd'ning tale ;

“ But calm thy troubled breast ;

“ For love and virtue shall prevail,

“ And we shall yet be blest.

“ But,

“ But, Anna, there’s a pointed grief,

“ Which I must now impart ;

“ Will not my Anna give relief

“ To her own Edgar’s heart ?

“ O let me move thee to approve

“ That I the truth unfold !

“ By the dear virtue which we love,

“ Thy father must be told.

“ Oft when upon his words I’ve hung,

“ The words of truth sincere,

“ The secret trembled on my tongue,

“ For truth to me is dear.

“ Sure he’s too noble, and too kind,

“ Our tender loves to mar ;

“ For, O ! superior is his mind

“ To wealthy wordlings far.

“ You

“ You know my birth, a fair descent :

“ ’Tis true no wealth is mine ;

“ But competence gives sweet content,

“ When faithful lovers join.”

“ Now, Edgar, by your hope, (said she),

“ Enforce not this request ;

“ The task shall mine, my Edgar, be,

“ When calmer is my breast.

“ Yes,—I will chuse some happier hour,

“ And I will fondly say,

“ How Love exerted all his pow’r,

“ And made our hearts his prey !

“ O guard thyself for Anna’s sake ;

“ By sacred vows she’s thine ;

“ Her sacred vows ere Anna break

“ Yon sun shall cease to shine.”

But who can speak the sadd'ning scene
When Edgar slow remov'd,
And sigh'd, and look'd,—and look'd again
To scenes so dearly lov'd !

The good Alcander's moisten'd eyes
Bespeak a father's love.
And “ Shield my son, kind Heav'n, (he cries),
“ For sure he'll worthy prove.

“ Much shall I miss thee, lovely child,
“ Almost as Anna dear ;
“ How oft hast thou my griefs beguil'd,
“ And check'd the rising tear !

“ Thy manly truth, thy gen'rous heart,
“ My mind did so engage,
“ As much to blunt Misfortune's dart,
“ And soothe the pains of Age.”

But

But Anna to the woodlands pour'd
Like turtle dove her moan;
And pray'd that blessings might be show'r'd
On her dear Edgar gone.

And shall this fond affection die !
Remembrance sweet decay !
And will she leave that heart to sigh
Where Love has fix'd his sway !

Alas ! that we must speak a truth,
To female worth a stain ;
Her love for this all-lovely youth
Shall Anna not retain.

'Tis to her faithful nurse alone
Her secret she conveys ;
Still to her Sire the truth to own
From day to day delays.

O happy is the guileless breast,

To all disguise a foe :

Who walk in truth are ever blest ;

Who deviate, grief shall know.

ANNA

ANNA and EDGAR:

O R,

LOVE and AMBITION.

A T A L E.

P A R T II.

NOT far beyond the rising wood
Which grac'd Alcander's feat,
It chanc'd a ducal mansion stood,
The widow'd dames' retreat.

Hither, in all the pomp of woe,
Came down the princely dame;
But he whom Death had now laid low,
No real grief could claim.

D

For

For he was cold, untoward, rude,
To one of gentlest kind:
A form so fair, a heart so good,
Were seldom seen conjoin'd.

This fair to Anna was allied
By her dear parent gone;
For sisters bore them: — Friendship tied
A knot was ne'er undone.

“ Now haste, my child, (Alcander said),
“ Thy father quick attend;
“ An early duty must be paid
“ To his lov'd Anna's friend.”

To Grampus Hall they take their way,
And many a welcome hear;
The kind Almeria blest the day
Which brought her friends so dear.

And

And grief with joy is sweetly join'd,
While she beholds the maid ;
She sees her dear departed friend
In fairer charms array'd.

“ O should I to a richer soil
“ Transplant this flow'r so fair,
“ Would not my fainted Anna smile,
“ And bless Almeria's care !”

Full of the wish, she thus essay'd
Her father's heart to move ;
“ Already is this beauteous maid
“ Adopted in my love :

“ And O that thou wouldst to my care
“ Forever her resign.
“ No tender mother has the fair !
“ No daughter now is mine !”

“ O

" O Lady, ('twas the maid reply'd),

" Your kindness wins my heart ;

" But, ah ! what might my Sire betide,

" Should he from Anna part !

" By years and grief his strength decay'd,

" Can I the charge forego,

" When he requires my ev'ry aid

" To mitigate his woe ?"

" Forbid it Heav'n, (Almeria said),

" That I my child retain,

" Much as I prize thee, lovely maid,

" Except thy Sire remain.

" And O deny not, Anna fair,

" The wish'd-for task to me,

" To soothe thy father's ev'ry care

" With tender sympathy."

Her

Her love prevails : — to Grampus then
 Their household all remove,
 And Anna quits the conscious scene
 Of her and Edgar's love.

Yet often to the wood she'd stray,
 By tender sorrow prest,
 Where the dear youth had many a day
 Reclin'd upon her breast.

Each little warbler seem'd to wail,
 In woeful notes of love ;
 And sighs were breath'd from ev'ry gale,
 And sadly wav'd the grove.

But time, the cure of ev'ry care,
 Makes them appear more gay ;
 And seldom now is Anna there,
 And shorter is her stay.

E

Yet

Yet love remains :—but, oh ! the day
 Is now approaching near,
 When Love shall little have to say,
 Nor she that little hear.

For soon there was a meteor seen,
 All blazing in a car,
 His varlets trim'd with silver sheen,
 He with a diamond star.

Alert he sprung, and onward came
 In Fashion's easy grace ;
 “ My son ! (exclaim'd the Noble Dame),
 “ Come to my fond embrace.”

“ My mother !—Ha ! who have we here ?
 “ Some goddess from above !
 “ Now, by her beauteous eyes I swear,
 “ She is the queen of love !”

“ My

“ My Orcar, (sweet Almeria said),
“ Your airy flights suspend ;
“ Respect, my son, this lovely maid,
“ Your mother’s chosen friend.”

“ O ! I revere fair Friendship’s tie,
“ May it assist your son ;
“ Not suffer him unheard to fight,
“ And be by scorn undone.

“ Fair are the dames of that fair land
“ Whence I am newly come ;
“ Yet those fair dames I could withstand ;
“ But, lo ! am lost at home.

“ For by yon dazzling orb of day,
“ Less radiant than her form,
“ No nymph can half this grace display,
“ Or so divinely charm !”

And

And here let Pity breathe a sigh :

O woman, woman frail !

Shall then this froth of fantasy

O'er faithful love prevail !

Alas ! even so : — few days were spent,

Few tears had Anna shed,

When she was brought to give consent

To share the ducal bed.

Fain would Almeria have resign'd

Her soul to bliss sincere ;

But fear at times would seize her mind,

For Anna's fate her fear.

She knew her son to Fashion's pride

An early slave became ;

And yet she thought so sweet a bride,

Might kind attention claim.

No

No doubtful thoughts Alcander seiz'd ;

No cause for such he knew ;

Supremely was his bosom pleas'd

With the resplendent view.

Reverse so bright of adverse fate

It suits not age to know.

Oft joy extreme, when felt too late,

More cruel proves than woe.

Beneath its weight Alcander bows,

And to his couch confin'd,

His breast with fervent wishes glows

To see the pair conjoin'd.

F

ANNA

(12)
ANNA and EDGAR:

LOVE and AMBITION.

A T A L E.

P A R T III.

AND now the wish'd-for time is near,
To-morrow fix'd the day,
When Anna must to Orca swear,
To love him and obey.

When, lo ! the wind, with rapid flight,
Britannia's triumph wings ;
And 'mongst the names of heroes bright
The gallant Edgar's brings.

Of

Of all the deeds which mark a field
With dear-bought trophies crown'd,
To none does gallant Edgar's yield,
None Fame so loud resound.

Twice had his daring arm avail'd
To turn the doubtful day,
When (by impetuous force assail'd)
Unhors'd his leader lay.

And now to Britain is he come :
Thus spoke his chief's regard,
" Let Edgar bear our tidings home,
" And meet a King's reward."

" Well have my gallant soldiers fought,"
(The Royal Sire exclaim'd !)
" And thou, young man, with valour fraught,
" Haft not thy fathers sham'd.

" Then

“ Then rise, Sir Edgar. — By this sword
“ Thy worth shall be our care ;
“ Thou hast, young knight, a Sov’reign’s word,
“ Thy fortune to repair.”

O princely accents ; — as they flow’d
On Edgar’s list’ning ear,
All strew’d with roses seem’d the road
To what he held so dear.

With ardour fought, he leave obtains,
And, with impatience great,
His courser’s utmost vigour strains
To reach Alcander’s feat.

And, “ O ! (he thought, as on he flew)
“ What joy will there abound,
“ When they their Edgar thus shall view
“ With noblest laurels crown’d.

“ And

“ And my dear Anna, sweetest fair,
“ How will her bosom rise !
“ O it is there : — My love, 'tis there
“ Thy Edgar's treasure lies.

“ O where shall I my true love meet,
“ Or in the jasmine bow'r,
“ Or stretch'd upon the daisied seat,
“ To waste the lonesome hour.

“ Perchance she wanders in the grove
“ Where we so oft have stray'd,
“ And I shall clasp my tender love
“ Beneath the conscious shade.”

But where's the pencil well could paint
How Edgar look'd that hour,
When, with keen expectation faint,
He reach'd Alcander's door !

The door, the windows, clos'd he found ;
Astonish'd stood the youth !
Conjectures sad his bosom wound ;
But none are near the truth.

Now to the village straight he hies,
Where often he had been ;
And there a festive crowd he spies
All dancing on the green.

Bedeck'd with flow'rs each maiden goes,
The bonfires blaze around,
And from the church's steeple flows
A peal of joyful sound.

But, lo ! the crowd move fast away,
A splendid train draws near,
And at the church, in bride's array,
Does Anna bright appear.

And

And moving in, by Orcar led,

His Anna Edgar knew:

“ O all ye pow'rs !” he, frantic, said,

And to the porch he flew.

And to the altar on he hied,

And seiz'd her faithless hand,

While stood the bridegroom by her side,

And round the bridal band.

“ See, Anna, here thy Edgar stand ;

“ Say, in the face of Heav'n !

“ If this belov'd, this precious hand,

“ Be forc'd — or freely giv'n ?”

The gay bridegroom amazement seiz'd,

And “ Speak, my love, (said he) ;

“ Is it not true that thou art pleas'd

“ To give this hand to me ?”

The

The lustre fled the maiden's eye,
 The rose forsook her cheek,
 Remembrance heav'd a tender sigh,
 And Love essay'd to speak——

In vain——Ambition, meanly proud,
 Again her bosom fir'd:
 “ 'Tis true, my Lord.”——Then Edgar bow'd,
 And from the scene retir'd.

But all the splendour of that day
 Could not to Anna's heart,
 In spite of ev'ry fond essay,
 One glimpse of bliss impart.

Still at the altar Edgar's form
 Appear'd in lovely youth,
 With all the grace of ev'ry charm,
 And dignity of truth.

But

But keener grief, misjudging maid,
Thy erring heart shall know;
Soon, soon, its falsehood be repaid
With fast-increasing woe.

Lord Orcar's mind no doubts molest;
Refined love unknown;
Impetuous transport fires his breast,
For Anna is his own.

But now her woes come on apace;
Alcander bed-rid laid,
But lives his princely child to blest,
With bridal pomp array'd.

The tears yet swell her lovely eyes,
And sadly heaves her heart,
When Orcar with impatience cries,
That they must now depart.

The kind Almeria fondly pray'd
Her daughter to detain ;
But nought he wills must be delay'd,
And all she says is vain.

In haste the splendid train attend,
When sadly sighs the fair ;
She leaves her only parent, friend,
Sweet partner of her care.

And, oh ! their way, unhappy chance,
Lies by Alcander's feat ;
And, ah ! as thither they advance,
How does her bosom beat !

But when the conscious wood she spy'd,
All wonted caution fled ;
With complicated grief she sigh'd,
And bow'd her beauteous head.

The

The chariot stops ; for Orcar's cries
Refounded thro' the air :
The door he opes, and forward hies
With the half-fwooning fair.

Ah, sadder still ! a spot they reach
Within the very grove,
Beneath the very spreading beech,
Where Edgar breath'd his love.

And on that very feat she lies,
Where erst her soften'd heart
Drank sweetest rapture from his eyes,
And did the same impart.

Ah, who can combat 'gainst such force !
Black thoughts her brain distend ;
And, wild ! she wish'd they'd take their course,
And all her sorrows end.

Yet

Yet filent still the fair remain'd,

While Orcar bore her head :

“ My Anna fair, (faid he), attend !

“ Here's fomething muft be read.

“ Sure this fome lover's bow'r muft be,

“ And here is rhyme moft rare :

“ Hear how he makes the filent tree

“ His whining love declare.

I N S C R I P T I O N.

“ O facred be my fpreading boughs,

“ Beneath whose verdant fhade

“ Were breath'd the ftrongelt—fweeteft vows !

“ That ever true love made.

“ And

“ And turn, ye false ones, turn from me ;

“ Avoid this love-fraught scene ;

“ Let not my shade dishonour'd be,

“ And blasted be my green.”

“ Distraction, oh !” (she wildly cries) ;

To Orcar new dismay ;

Her lovely form now senseless lies,

And seems to Death a prey.

The cause too plain—her Lord describes ;

But nothing now he said ;

And soon as Anna op'd her eyes,

He to the chariot led.

To splendid halls, and sumptuous fare,

To festive scenes she goes ;

But Anna's bosom takes no share,

A stranger to repose.

I

For

For soon, ah ! soon, she Orcar fees
Not her enraptur'd fwain ;
But one she can no longer please,
Unjust, inconstant, vain.

Still on the wing for transient joys ;
To ev'ry knave a tool ;
Each painted face his heart decoys,
And Fashion stamps him fool.

Oft did the fair indulge her woe
In solitude remote,
That none her heart's deep grief might know,
How much she mourn'd her lot.

And sometimes, by a willow pale,
She'd lay her down alone,
And sweet tranquillity bewail,
And love and virtue gone.

“ Ah,

“ Ah, gaudy titles ! pompous sounds !

“ No joys to me ye bring ;

“ Instead of balsam to my wounds

“ Ye give a deadly sting.

“ Was it for you !— But, Mem’ry, cease ;

“ Forbear that trembling chord ;

“ It may yet more impair my peace,

“ But ne’er relief afford.

“ Ye humble mates in love who live,

“ More real blifs ye know

“ Than all the pride of wealth can give,

“ Or princely power bestow.”

Her grief the wanton Orcar spy’d,

And, with unfeeling heart,

Would sometimes jeer, and sometimes chide,

And double ev’ry smart.

And

And oft at Edgar's love he'd glance,
And drawl with malice keen,
" Where is the false one dares advance
" To love's all-conscious scene ?"

At last, upon a day he came,
His face terrific smil'd ;
Much trembled Anna's tender frame
At looks so strangely wild.

" Still in the dumps, my dear, (said he) ;
" But mark me well, my dove ;
" For something I shall say to thee
" Will much delight thee, love !

" Remembrest thou a swain of truth,
" And fam'd for deeds so brave ?
" Now, Anna, wouldst thou see the youth,
" Go seek him in the grave.

" Red

" Red is his blood upon my sword ;
" Nay, if thou doubtst, pray see ;
" 'Tis Edgar's blood. — What ! not a word ?"
For not a word spoke she.

Deep faintings seize the wounded fair,
And raving wild succeeds ;
And oft she cries, " I see him there !
" It is my Edgar bleeds !"

No Edgar bleeds. — 'Twas malice fell,
The witling's hell-taught art,
A fabricated tale to tell
To wound a feeling heart.

K

ANNA

ANNA and EDGAR:

O R,

LOVE and AMBITION.

A T A L E.

P A R T IV.

“ **R**ETIRE, retire, my maidens kind,
(Thus spoke the heart-struck fair
When somewhat calmer was her mind),

“ Leave me to nurse’s care.

“ Oh ! nurse, I live — and he is slain !

“ And slain by Anna’s Lord ;

“ And I beheld the crimson stain

“ Upon the murd’rer’s sword !”

“ Thy

“ Thy Edgar kill'd! ah, woe the day!

“ And did he do this deed?”

“ Yes, yes, I saw him poft away

“ Upon the utmoft speed.”

“ But, oh! but, oh! thy Edgar flain,

“ So kind, fo sweet, fo true!

“ Sure it will rend my heart in twain

“ To think on him and you.

“ O that you ne'er this Lord had feen,

“ For all his high degree”——

“ Think not, O nurfe! what might have been,

“ But mark what now muft be.

“ Know that within thefe hated walls

“ No power fhall make me ftay;

“ Hark! is it not my Edgar calls,

“ And bids me hafte away?

“ If

" If thou art willing, come partake

" Of a poor wand'rer's dole ———

" No words — for none shall ever shake

" The purpose of my soul,

" I'll seek some dreary distant den,

" From courts and pomp remote,

" And far from all the haunts of men;

" To mourn my hapless lot."

" O Heav'n forbid, my lady fair,

" That I your will decry ;

" You were my sweet, my early care,

" No other now have I.

" And sure upon a place I've thought

" Where safe and calm you'd be ;

" Ah ! little thought I when I saw't

" This day of woe to see.

" 'Twas

" 'Twas late my native cot I view'd,
" And on my way espy'd,
" Embow'ed in a fragrant wood,
" And all unoccupied.—

" A mansion fair — not stately great,
" But featly form'd to please ;
" A stream runs gurg'ling by the gate,
" And ocean laves the trees.

" No lordly palace near this place ;
" But on the rocky fide
" A village stands of little space,
" Where fishermen abide."

" Enough, enough, good nurse, we'll go ;
" O thither let us fly ;
" There Anna may indulge her woe,
" And there in peace may die.

L

" And

" And to supply our little needs
" Behold the means produc'd;
" This money meant for gorgeous weeds;
" But few sad Anna us'd.

" Now haste to find my sable robes,
" Leave gems and garments gay;
" The heart that with deep anguish throbs
" Is mock'd with proud array.

" Remember, as the clock strikes one,
" We fly this hated place;
" My murd'ring Lord, to London gone,
" Shall not our footsteps trace."

And soon with beating heart she heard
The wish'd-for warning sound;
Anon her faithful nurse appear'd,
And safe retreat they found.

By

By speeding palfreys quickly chang'd,
That none their course might trace,
And devious ways and forests rang'd,
They reach'd the destin'd place.

“ Hail, ye deep woods ! (sad Anna said),
“ Receive me to your gloom ;
“ Here sighs a wretch ambition made,
“ And courts an early tomb ! ”

An early tomb shall Anna find,
No remedy remains ;
Death's keenest dart is in her mind,
His poison in her veins.

Quick and more quick he shew'd his pow'r,
And Anna joy'd to see
So fast approach the final hour
Of all her misery.

But

But yet another woe is near,
Poor nurse with sorrow prest,
And heavy load of many a year,
Now sinks upon her breast.

“ O my lov'd child, I seek my bed,
“ With sadly-streaming eyes ;
“ For, oh ! I think, when there I'm laid
“ I never more shall rise.

“ And who shall tend my lovely child ?
“ And who her griefs deplore ?”
“ O calm thyself, (said Anna mild),
“ My griefs are almost o'er.”

Then led her gently to her bed,
From which she ne'er arose ;
Yet liv'd to weep for Anna dead,
And tell her tale of woes.

Two village-maids are all who wait
Upon this princely fair;
No remnant of the splendid state
For which she paid so dear.

Oft times to Ocean's lonesome shore,
With tott'ring step, she'd go,
And listen to its doleful roar,
In luxury of woe.

" Here, here, O wildly-plaining wave!
" My grief-worn corpse shall be;
" Coarse be the stone that marks my grave,
" My dirge be sung by thee;

" No kindred dust — no sacred tomb,
" And not a friend to moan;
" But oft lamenting thou wilt come,
" And bathe that humble stone."

ANNA and EDGAR:

O R,

LOVE and AMBITION.

A T A L E.

P A R T V.

NOW Anna, to her couch confin'd,
Perceives how near her hour;

“ And O! that I may mercy find

“ From Heav'n's Almighty Pow'r.

“ But murder—How my soul is prest!

“ 'Twas Anna's faithless heart

“ That to the lovely Edgar's breast

“ Convey'd the mortal dart.

“ But

“ But hark !”—A dreadful sound she hears ;
 Loud tempest rages round ;
 The trees are rent, and Neptune rears
 Aloft the dread profound.

Dire screams upon the boiling wave
 Come onward to the shore ;
 And broken sounds of “ Mercy !—Save !”—
 The din permits no more.

“ Fly, fly, my maidens, thither fly ;
 “ And if these wretches live,
 “ O aid them with your sympathy,
 “ And all my house can give.”

Soon they return :—“ O lady fair,
 “ And still more sweetly good,
 “ We’ve ta’en three strangers to our care
 “ Were shipwreck’d near the wood ;

“ A

" A lovely lady, and a lord,

" All charming to behold ;

" They pray'd we would some aid afford,

" And we your kindness told.

" And O they have a child most fair !

" We snatch'd him from a wave

" That tore him from his nurse's care,

" Too far for her to save."

" Haste, haste, my maids, (pale Anna said),

" No more, no more delays ;

" Do all ye can, give ev'ry aid,

" Your dying mistress prays."

Quick they obey — give ev'ry aid

That Pity can contrive :

And soon their trouble is o'erpaid,

To strength their guests revive.

Now

“ Now say, — ye gentle maidens, say,
(Thus spoke the stranger fair),
“ What gen’rous mistress you obey,
“ Who mis’ry makes her care?”

“ Ah, Gentry ! nought of her we know ;
“ She came as from the skies,
“ And lies upon the bed of woe,
“ Sure never more to rise.”

“ O lead me to it, (said the fair) ;
“ Her griefs my tears demand ;
“ And I would pour my pity there,
“ And blest her bounteous hand.”

They lead her to fair Anna’s bed ;
The nurse and child attend ;
And there she stoop’d her lovely head,
And wept on Anna’s hand.

“ And here’s my little boy, (she said), ”

“ Snatch’d from a wat’ry grave; ”

“ To her his lisping thanks be paid ”

“ Who gave the means to save.” ”

“ Ha!—who is he?—that little boy, ”

(Pale Anna wildly scream’d); ”

“ O hide him, hide him from my eye! ”

“ But sure I only dream’d. ”

“ Another view—remembrance dire! ”

“ Now, lady, tell me who, ”

“ Who was that beauteous baby’s fire ”

“ Whom I with anguish view?” ”

“ That baby’s fire, most lovely dame, ”

“ Is all my heart’s delight; ”

“ Of mutual love we felt the flame, ”

“ And did in bonds unite. ”

“ But

“ But long I lov’d, unchang’d in truth,
“ Ere he my heart repaid ;
“ For love had nearly kill’d the youth
“ For an unfaithful maid.

“ Now he is more than I can say ;
“ Endearing are his ways ;
“ O I could waste a summer’s day —
“ In my dear Edgar’s praise.”

“ An Edgar ! — how ! — O how ! — But say,
“ Is he that Edgar here ?
“ If so, if so, make no delay,
“ He must, he must appear.”

He comes : — “ My heart, ’tis he ! ’tis he !

“ Now all thy sorrows cease ;
“ From guilt of blood my soul is free,
“ And Heav’n confirms my peace.

“ O

“ O Edgar ! weep not — weep not so ;

“ My soul delighted flies

“ To regions far from sin and woe,

“ And thou shalt close these eyes.

“ These eyes fast-failing gaze on thee —

“ Now dimmer is their sight ;

“ But yet — and yet — that face I see —

“ O see with dear delight.

“ That lovely form — no villain did —

“ — Blessed — She spoke no more ;

Her quiv’ring lip and falling head

Show’d all her sorrows o’er.

In sad amazement Edgar stood ;

His soul was deeply mov’d ;

Fast-falling tears the corpse bedew’d

Of Anna, once so lov’d.

“ Oh

“ Oh Emma ! see this lifeless form,
“ Once that bewitching fair,
“ Who did thy Edgar’s bosom charm,
“ Who gave it to despair.

“ But be her fault for ay suppress’d ;
“ Let nought her virtues stain ;
“ And, Emma, ever in thy breast
“ Their monument remain.

“ Yet may the moral of her woes
“ Ne’er from our minds depart ;
“ No real bliss that bosom knows
“ Which holds a faithless heart.”

T H E E N D.

" Oh I miss thee in the night;
" Once that lowly, lowly light,
" Who did thy light's beam bring
" Whither it is to bring

" But do not think for thy lightness;
" For though thou art a thing
" And, human, ever in thy breast
" Their momentary rest

" For may the moral of her woes
" Teach from our minds to grow
" The real bliss that human know
" Which holds a faithful heart

T H E E N D